He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Piſtoll*.

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muffler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ſtop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voice,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Piſtoll*, I partly vnderſtand your meanin

Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wiſh the Duke
To do his pleaſure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, diſciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.

Piſt. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendſhip.

Flew. That is good.

Piſt. The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.

Flew. That is very well.

Piſt. I ſay the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw

Exit Piſtoll.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten an thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flew. By Ieſus he is vtter as praue words vpon the bridg
As you ſhall deſire to ſee in a ſommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath ſed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue
That goes to the wars onely to grace himſelfe
At his returne to London:
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where ſeruices were done,
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach,